

THE
TROOPER'S
Merry Miscellany.

OR
POEMS

ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The Second Edition.

By James Dodd, of his Majesty's Royal
Regiment of Horse Guards.

*Musis amicus tristitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.*

HOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by the
Bookfellers of London and Westmin-
ster. 1729.

(Price 1 s.)

T R O P E R S

Merry Miscellany.

O R

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O N

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THE
TROOPER'S
Merry Miscellany.

*On our March in Scotland after the Rebels,
Written at Dundee, 1716.*

BE propitious, ye Powers, that have
Rhimes at command,
And assist in the Task I have taken
in hand;

Let the Muses combine to inspire my Quill,
And supply me with Liquor from *Parnassus* Hill.

B

When

When turbulent *Mar* made *Scotland* to groan,
 And fain would have drove great *George* from his
 Throne,
 We then left *Old England*, and came to prevent
 The *Crook* from pursuing his hasty Intent.

Intrench'd with his Mob, at *St. Johnston's* he lay;
 To him half the Kingdom their Tribute did pay;
 To strengthen the Faction he sent for the thing,
 Which he had beforehand proclaim'd for a King,
 Most strongly fed up with romantick Opinions,
 He came in great haste to possess his Dominions:
 The Bubble no sooner was come to the Shore,
 But the Biggots did him like a Pa-god adore;
 To kiss the Tool's Hand, on their Knees they did
 Devoutly as if it had been the Pope's Toe;
 Being landed, he sent forth his wise Declarations,
 Demanding Allegiance from all the three Nations,
 But finding their Duty both froward and slack,
 The Warming-pan Monarch was forc'd to get back;
 Yet General *Mar* like a Bully did rattle,
 To fright us, he told us, h'd give us a Battle,

But

But when great *Argyle* from *Sterling* did come, ^(Drum)
 And march'd towards *Perth* by the Beat of the
 The *Rebel* no sooner perceiv'd he was coming,
 But he and his *Puppir-show* King fell a running:
 Their naked and Soldiers, unwilling to stay,
 Courageously ran with their Leaders away.
 We after the *Raskals* were ordered to go,
 Half starv'd with the Cold, half cover'd with Snow,
 Our tiresome March did nothing but scare 'em,
 The *Rogues* were too nimble to let us come near 'em.
 So barren the Soil, so sharp was the Air,
 So poor was our Quarters, so bad was our Fare,
 That many a time we were glad of a Meal
 Of Porridge and Sewings, or Bannocks and Keil,
 The whole Spoil and Plunder there was to be got,
 Was Lice, Itch and Dirt, and the Devil knows what
 For Cover we had none, but a smoaky low Cell,
 And a Hostess that look'd like a Hag come from
 Hell;

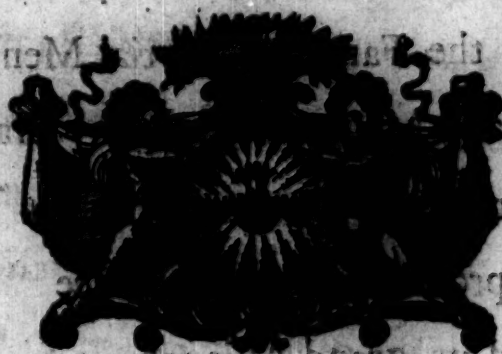
With Clothes, Face, and Hands, of such a damna-
 So beastly and nasty in all Things they do, ^{(ble Hue,}
 To see 'em cook Victuals wou'd make a Dog spew,
 I solemnly swear, that the horrible Sluts,
 Cram'd Fowls in the Pot, and ne'er pull'd out the
 While others, to shew themselves cleanly and neat, ^{Guts,}
 Put the Tongs in the Kettle to pull out the Meat,
 If for what we wanted, we spoke to our Host,
 We might, by my Troth, as well speak to the Post.
 The Lune wou'd stare at ye, with Bonnet on's Scull,
 Whatever you ask him, he'd cry, *What's your Will?*

May Plague, Pox, and Poverty fall altogether
 On the Raskals that caus'd us first to come hither,
 May every Villain be hang'd in a String,
 That join'd with the Rebels to strike at the King.
 And now since the Faction is totally quail'd,
 Some run to the Devil, some oyer Sea sail'd,

Let's

Let's drink off a Bowl to the glorious *George*,
And then to the Army, his *Rambling Scourge*;
May Britain be bless'd with a Prince of his Line,
To govern the Realms, long as *Phœbus* shall shine.

SEE A-F-I-G-H-T.



Let's drink off a Bowl to the glorious George,

To govern the Kingdom, long as Power shall mine

On a memorable

SEA-FIGHT.

Written at Sea in the Year, 1719.

SOME comick God direct my Pen
 To sing the Fame of martial Men:
 With Whims and Maggots freight my Brain,
 To speak their Worth in merry Strain;
 'Twas when proud *Philip* bid Defiance
 To *Europe* and its grand Alliance,
 A Squadron left the *British* Shore,
 To cruise his Coast, and keep him poor,
 Led by a noted Comodore:
 A warlike Hero, let me tell ye,
 Who loves to fight and fill his Belly;

But

But do not here mistake my Writing,
I mean not Belly full of Fighting,
Upon a certain Feasting time,
(Pox take it, for it spoils my Rhime)
A *Spanish* Ship, with *Rhino* freighted,
Being both mistaken and belated,
By some unlucky chance did get
I'th middle of the *British* Fleet.
Our Hero left his Feast with Splendor,
And Crouds of Lights, to shew his Grandeur;
The wealthy Bark perceiving that,
She soon began to smell a Rat,
And being now o'erwhelm'd with Fear,
Endeavour'd from our Ships to steer,
But Weather calm was forc'd to stay
Until the near approaching Day,
When *Morpheus* 'gan to disappear,
And glorious Sol was coming near,
We spy'd the Bark which had not got
By this time out of Cannon-shot.

With

With that away goes a Lieutenant,
 To tell the Chief that wore the Pennant,
 But could not raise his drowly Head
 From off his warlike, downy Bed.
 So, while the Hero morn'd at ease,
 The Bark got from us by degrees.
 She having 'scap'd the Lion's Paws,
 Nay, almost more than Death's grim Jaws,
 And gaining to her whole Desire,
 Salutes us with ironick Fire.

Soon as the Ship had reach'd the Shore
 Our Sailors curs'd the Comodore:
 But why the Plague will Men be railing,
 When every Mortal has his Failing?
 And who but Ideots would be sad,
 At losing what they never had?
 What's past is past, and since 'tis so,
 A Pox of Money, let it go.

Proceed,

Proceed, my Muse, and strive to sing
 His Valour in a nobler Thing,
 Whose Deeds of Prowess far surpass
 Fam'd *Quixote*, or *Sir Hadibrass*.

The late Misfortune to repay,
 Chance sent directly in his way
 Three *Spanish* Ships of equal Force,
 But bold as *Greeks* i'th *Trojan* Horse,
 Fierce O---- then without Debate
 Bore bravely, and attack'd him strait
 While t'other two at Distance wait:
 Each willing to secure his Skin,
 Stood pausing which should first begin.
 Our Hero did thro' Trumpet bawl,
 And bid the *N-rze---ch* on to fall,
 But *Fl---ch---*, cautious to come near,
 Most wisely feign'd he cou'd not hear.

Our Comodore, at this enrag'd,
 To shew his Courage, thus engag'd
 Among their Ships to make a Breach,
 He fires out of Cannon's reach,
 In hopes the Noise of Guns might scare 'em,
 Altho' the Shot did ne'er come near 'em;
 Surpriz'd to see that Spaniards dare,
 Resist our British Men of War,
 He wisely thought it safe to fly
 From such a seeming Prodigy ;
 For who the Devil would have thought
 Such Cowards ever durst have fought ?

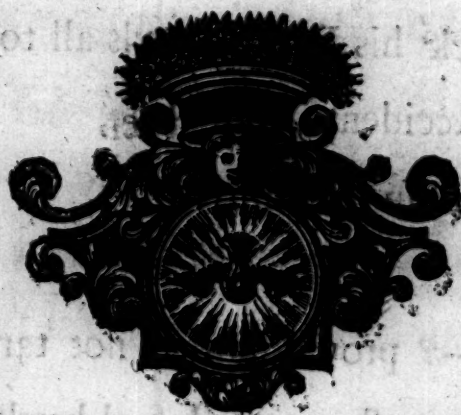
Yet here it must by all be granted,
 His Wit made good what Courage wanted ;
 For every cautious Man of Sense
 Prefers his Life before his Pence ;

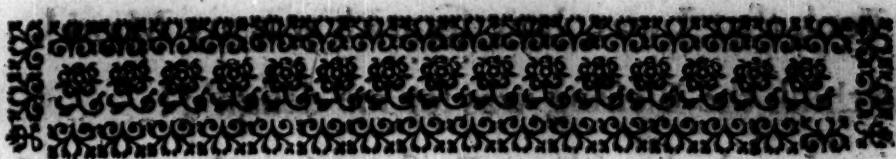
And

And where's the Honour that the stout
 Do gain, when Brains are beaten out?
 No Mortal e'er was *Idem semper*,
 (I speak as to a fighting Temper)
 And had he there perchance been kill'd,
 He never more a Sword could wield;
 Besides by Shot at random Stroak,
 His Cabbin Windows might be broke;
 A pond'rous Ball, which all things batters
 Might knock his Punch-bowls all to shatters;
 For many Accidents, like these,
 Will happen in Hostilities,

Here *O-----* prov'd himself not tardy,
 But would not stay to look fool-hardy;
 To stop his Wounds away he bore,
 And after him the Comodore:
 The *N-rw-ch* then to shew she'd Guns,
 Just fires and away she runs.

A careful Warrior understands,
 That Legs are better far than Hands;
 This made our Heroes fill their Sails,
 Or might, *per* Chance, have supp'd at *Caisles*.





TO

S Y L V I A.

Written at Dublin, 1717.

Imperious Charmer, lend a tender Ear
 To him, alas! who thought you once sincere,
 And judge my Passion by the Pangs I bear :
 Permit my discontented Muse to tell
 Its mournful Tale, and breath its last Farewel.

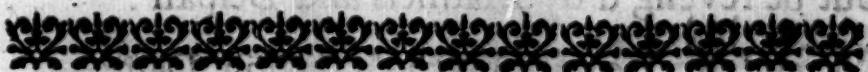
A rival Lover robs my Soul of Rest,
 And makes an Uproar in my troubled Breast :
 Despair, and Love, and Jealousy conspire,
 To wreck my Thoughts, and set me all on fire.

Fool,

Fool, that I was, how frantick was my Mind !
 To think the Blessing was for me design'd !
 But who, alas ! without Presumption, dare
 Misdoubt the Truth of that which you could swear,
 When all the sacred Deities above
 Were call'd to register our faithful Love ;
 Remember all those solemn Vows to Heaven,
 And tell me how you hope to be forgiven.
 Dost think to make the righteous Gods forbear
 To punish Perjury because you're fair ?
 Has cursed Dross, such base commanding Charms,
 To banish me for ever from your Arms ?
 Pronounce my Fate, let me my Sentence have,
 Or let your Looks at once condemn or save.
 Altho' I'm doom'd to groan and sigh in vain,
 I will not dare to murmur or complain :
 I'll check my throbbing Heart, and bid it break,
 And even love my Rival for your Sake,

Forget

Forget your Promise, nay, and could it be,
 I'd urge the Gods to charge the Guilt on me;
 I'll not presume to say Thou canst deceive,
 But charge that Fault upon your Grandam Eve;
 For Fear the rude censorious World should say,
 Insulting Beauty did his Heart betray.
 To some remote and distant Shore I'll go,
 Where none of my untimely End may know;
 There give a Lose to Horror and Despair,
 And fall a Victim to the cruel Fair.



Another to SYLVIA.

Written at Dublin.

Angelic Charmer, wilt thou still be coy,
 And keep your Beauty only to destroy:
 Ah! could'st thou feel what Tortures sting my Breast,
 What anxious Doubts and Fears disturb my Rest;

At

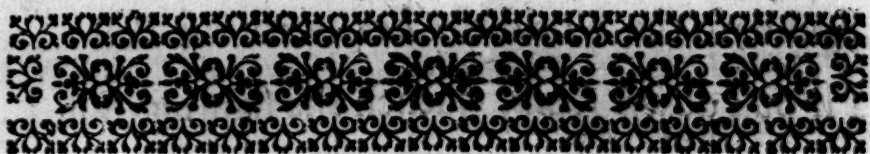
At Sight of thee, my Reason seems to fleet,
 And raving Madness mounts upon its Seat;
 Confus'd Ideas wreck my restless Brains,
 And all the Blood runs cold within my Veins;
 My Pulse, like Neptune's troubled Waves, do move,
 And every Sinew feels the Force of Love.

Write, sigh, or speak, or whatsoever I do,
 I'm still the *May-game* of the Gods and you.
 Tyrannick Creature! I'll no longer bear,
 But be reveng'd by Madness and Despair!
 I'll rend my Heart from the insulting Dame,
 And with it set the Universe on Flame;
 My Love-sick Soul to *Boreas* shall be hurl'd,
 To blow the dire Contagion thro' the World:
 I with a dreadful Yell, more loud than Thunder,
 Will make the Gods as well as Mortals wonder;
 I'll cause a more destructive Scene above
 Than when *Phaeton* *Phæbus'* Chariot drove,
 Or when the *Titans* wag'd a War with *Jove*.

I'll

I'll toss the Globe from *Atlas* like a Ball,
 And dash the World to *Chaos* with the Fall :
 I'll pull down *Luna*, quench the flaming Sun,]
 And so unravel all the Gods have done :
 I will, I won't, I can't, tho' mad I see,
 That all my Talk's Impossibility.
 I humbly at your Virgin Feet will lie
 For *Jove's* Sake, Madam, on me cast your Eye,
 A Smile revives me, if you frown I die.





A N

E L E G Y

*Written at Dublin on the Report of the
Pretender's Death, 1717.*

HOW vain is Man ! how fickle his Estate !
 How ev'ry Moment liable to Fate !
 Ah ! cruel Death, why didst thou not forbear
 To rob the World of what it well could spare ?
 How cou'dst thou thus upon a Stripling frown,
 So big with Hopes of an imperial Crown ?
 Remorseless Tyrant, thus at one poor Stroak,
 Thou hast the Head and Heart of Faction broke.

Mourn, *Mar* and *Butler*, let your Sighs and Tears
 Proclaim your Sorrow, and declare your Fears ;

Nonjurors

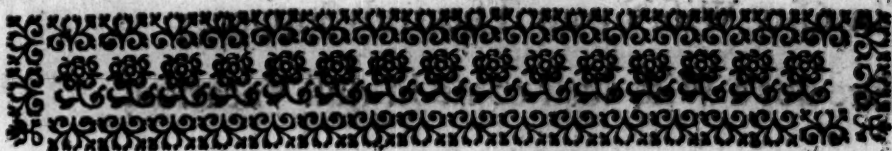
Nonjurors, Jacks, and Papists all lament
 The fatal Loss of *Popish* Government;
 Let *Irish* Mourners loudly o'er him cry,
 And ask the Reason, *Wherefore didst thou die?*
 Let passive Tories tremble at the News,
 And mourn their Hope and Loss of wooden Shoes;
 Since you were Sticklers while the Tool had breath,
 Do something now to solemnize his Death.

To memorize the Place from whence he sprung,
 Be all your Warming-pans in Mourning hung,
 Let *Tyler's* Arms be blazon'd on his Pall,
 To celebrate the Stripling's Funeral;
 Let Monks and Abbots pray with weeping Eyes,
 And Nuns and Fryars sing his Obsequies;
 Let Priests, with Oil, anoint his Body o'er,
 And give him Gold to pass *St. Peter's* Door;
 Let Crouds of Jesuits before him go,
 With Crosses, Beads, and Relicks for a Show;

Let *Rome* for him pour out her vast Complaints ;
 And let the Pope enrol him with the Saints :
 Mourn every one, who vainly strove to bring,
 The Popish Biggot for a *British* King.

E P I T A P H.

*Here Perkin lies, bereav'd of Life,
 Dissolv'd to Earth and Clay,
 Who caus'd Rebellion, Noise and Strife,
 Yet could no Sceptre sway ;
 By Fortune jilted and abus'd,
 By cruel Death o'erta'en,
 And now to Purgatory gone
 E'er he began his Reign.*



A

VACATION PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the Theatre in Dublin.

F Atigu'd and weary thro' the Town I've stroul'd
This live long Day to get my Tickets sold;

In all my Walks no Object have I met,

But Bills on Windows, Lodgings to be let,

The Country Squires all have left the Town,

To recreate themselves with Hawk and Hound;

Whole Crowds of Lawyers every Day withdraw,

To bubble Fools at *Nisi Prius* Law.

The Great ones too the City does forsake,

As if each Rank contriv'd to see us break,

Oh

Oh happy *London* ! when you lose your Court,
 The City Wife's your Theatre's Support;
 Here not a Wife durst come in dull Vacation,
 Our Cits are cuckol'd by Imagination,

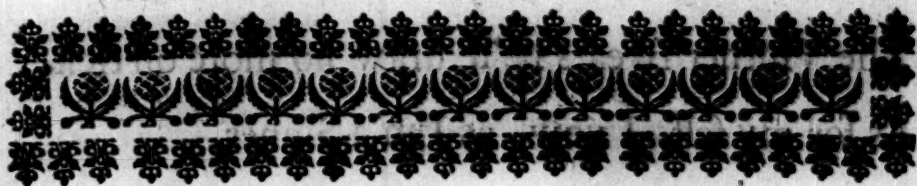
Consider this, and do not leave us thus,
 When you withdraw, what will become of us?
 Now *Bolton's* gone, no Term, no Parliament,
 I fear 'twill make us keep too strict a *Lent*.
 Those Velvet Faces in the Gallery
 Must all renounce the Flesh as well as we:
 Poor Creatures they already do begin
 To feel the Loss, the Town is grown so thin,
 One offer'd me a Favour to tip her in.

Our Interests both depend on you alone,
 And both, I fear, must suffer when you're gone;
 A frightful Apprehension makes me dread it,
 This damn'd mistrustful Town will give no Credit,

Our

Our Brother *Thomas* play'd 'em such a Trick,
 The Vintner fwears he'll draw no more on tick:
 As for my self, I vow, as I'm a Sinner,
 I scarcely know where I can sponge a Dinner.
 Is't not a Pity, that so hard a Fate
 Shou'd seize a Man of such an Air and Gate,
 But being handsome I have this Pretension,
 Faith I'll address the Ladies for a Pension.





T O

Mrs. M----- F-----.

Y O U Pow'rs above,
Who're Friends to Love,

Assist me in my Theme,

And let me tell

My Story well

To her whom I esteem,

While she's away,

There's nothing gay,

Or pleasing to my Sight,

But anxious Fear,

And gloomy Care

Attend me Day and Night.

My

My Dear, to be,
 Along with thee,
 I languish with Desire.

'Twas *Molly's* Eyes,
 Did first surprize;
 And set my Heart on fire:
 Forc'd from my Mate
 By cruel Fate,

Your Absence I bemoan, |
 Tho' midst a Croud,
 Both rough and loud,
 Your *Jemmy's* all alone.

For *Valentine*,
 My *Molly's* mine,
 I wish no greater Prize,
 Nor King's Esteem,
 The Diadem,
 As I her charming Eyes.

The little Birds, *or* *My Dear*
 With chirping Words, *and* *My Dear*
 Salute the coming Spring; *My Dear*
 And Lambs do play *My Dear*
 The live long Day, *My Dear*
 Whilst I on *Molly* sing, *My Dear*
 Accept my Rhime, *My Dear*
 'Till such a Time, *My Dear*
 As I my self can call; *My Dear*
 I'll then attone *My Dear*
 For Hours gone, *My Dear*
 And make amends for all, *My Dear*
 When next we meet,
 I'll *Molly* treat
 With Love's engaging Toys,
 We'll then possess,
 Luxurious Blifs,
 And riot in our Joys.



TO

Mrs. M----- F-----.

On her neglecting to write.

Dear MOLLY,

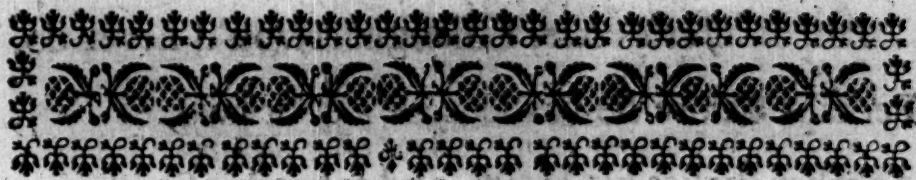
ONCE my darling Turtle Dove,
 Attend the Cry of your offended Love,
 How could you first, with false deluding Tongue
 Ensnare a Youth so innocent and young.

I'th Devil's Name what is to *Mo'ly* come,
 That I can write, and she can still be dumb,
 Thrice have I wrote, and thrice it seems in vain,
 I breath'd out Love in soft heroick Strain,
 Yet not a Line can I from you obtain,

When *Molly* writ, an Answer went from me,
 I stuff'd my Paper full of Lies as she,

I once in invok'd the sacred tuneful Nine,
And sung to *Molly* as my *Valentine*.

Have you so soon forgot our wanted Joys,
And sweet Variety of wanton Toys,
What am'rous Tales in *Molly's* Ear I spoke,
And curl'd and twin'd like Ivy round an Oak;
When in my Arms I did you fast infold,
And love you more than Misers do their Gold:
Each Day you hugg'd and grasp'd me with Delight,
While Love and Brandy revell'd out the Night.
Yet now my *Molly* not a Line affords,
Your Silence nettles worse than angry Words;
I find by all my merry Frolicks then,
I've something more successful than my Pen.



A

P R O L O G U E.

W H E N laurel'd *Shakespear* rul'd the In-
 And sooth'd the Passions of a grateful Age,

The rev'rend Bard with Ease and Freedom writ
 In those good Days, before the wrangling Pit
 Commenc'd a scrutinizing Bar of Wit.

Dramatick Writers were not then the Sport,
 Of such a captious, arbitrary Court,
 Where ev'ry Judge has Power to vend his Fury,
 And damn a Play before he calls a Jury.

Pox

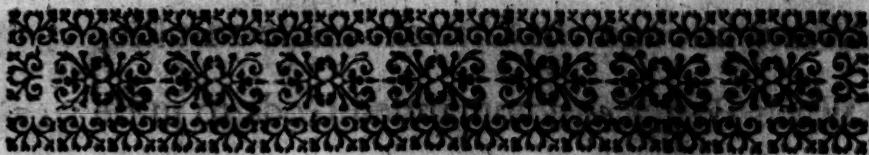
Pox on't, cries one, I thought 'twou'd never do,
 Perhaps before he has seen an Act or two,
 Another shakes his Head, and takes his Snuff,
 Then grins and cries, Ah! demme, wretched Stuff,
 A third shall give his Verdict with a Hiss,
 The Thought, the Plot, or Language is amiss;
 And then the Author's persecuted more
 Than Non-con. Teachers pelt the scarlet Whore,

Our brave Forefathers scorn'd these modern ways
 Of damning Poets and dissecting Plays,
 Whose worthy Minds could feast upon a Story
 Of *Brittish* Kings, or *Roman* Heroes Glory.
 Had foreign Eunuchs here there Journey bent,
 They then had found but poor Encouragement,
 In those judicious Days the squeaking Elves
 Might e'en have sung their Nonsense by themselves,

A while ago the Criticks made a Bustle,
 When Poet *Lee* commanded Gods to juggle:
 Yet now with Pleasure all the Town can follow,
 Conjuring *Faustus*, *Daphne* and *Apollo*.
 The bushin'd Hero, and his tragick Rage,
 By *Harlequin* is juttled of the Stage;
 While every Ape can please from *Rome* or *France*,
 And Gods and Devils mingle in a Dance.

Britons awake from this fantastick Dream,
 And shew, that Sense is worthy your Esteem.
 Approve the Scene of ancient *Rome* and *Greece*,
 Contemn base Farce and banish dumb Grottesque.

Your Siers ne'er were pleas'd I dare avouch
 By antick *Harlequin* or *Scaramouch*,
 Nor had their Poets Reason to be jealous
 Of foreign Tumblers, or of *Punchanellos*.



O N

His Majesty's BIRTH-DAY.

Written in Camp.

HA S T, haft, *Aurora*, gild the Eastern Skies,
 Unfold the Doors, let golden *Phæbus* rise,

That with his choicest Rays he may adorn,

The happy Day that sacred *George* was born,

Let *Britain's* warlike Engines roar aloud,

And joyful Shouts be heard amidst the Croud;

Let *Albion's* loyal Sons appear as gay.

As *Flora* deck'd in all the Pride of *May*.

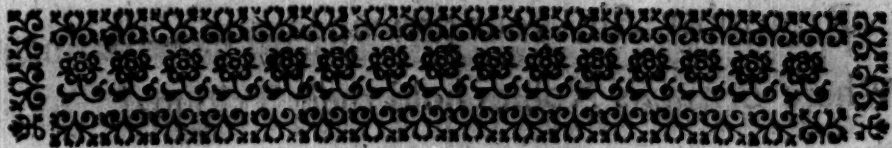
With chearful Hearts, prepar'd for solid Mirth,

'Tis *Albion's* Jubilee, 'tis *George's* Birth.

'Twas

'Twas glorious *George* made black Rebellion cease,
 And makes his Kingdoms smile again in Peace,
 When raging Faction would the Realms devour,
 'Twas *George* destroy'd the *Romish* Dragon's Power,
 When *Swedes* and *Russians* stood prepar'd to fight,
George spoke the Word, and they at once unite;
 The World's Repose is sacred *George's* Care,
 He's *Europe's* Arbiter of Peace and War.
 When *Philip's* Fleet i'th *Midland* Seas did ride,
 Whose swelling Sails proclaim'd their Master's Pride,
 And their presumptuous Ball did proudly fling,
 At *George's* Navy, and the mighty *Bing*;
 The Hero rous'd, his dreadful Flag display'd,
 And every Signal of Destruction made;
 Each *British* Ship its just Resentment spoke,
 And dreadful Vengeance breath'd thro' curling
 The frightened Spaniards quit the wat'ry Field,
 (Smoak,
 Some sink, some burn, and others tamely yield.

Peace, haughty Muse, and dare no more to sing,
 The matchless Virtues of so great a King,
 Who can the Beauty of the Dawn display,
 Or paint the Sun when 'tis Meridian Day?
 A Contemplation of too deep a Strain
 For Painter's Pencil, or the Poet's Brain;
 Let ev'ry Seraphim, with tuneful Lyre,
 Resound his Fame in the celestial Quire,
 Let Angels, Cherubs, and the Muses raise
 Their warbling Notes, to trumpet out his Praise;
 Let Britons' toast his Health in Bowls of Wine,
 Let Faction fret, and murmur, and repine,
 While we are blest'd with his illustrious Line;
 Fill up your Cups, and boldly let's carouse,
 To *George Augustus*, and his Royal Spouse,
 May Pox, Confusion, Poverty and Shame
 Seize every Wretch that dare refuse the same.



To the Right Honourable the
Earl of *WARWICK*.

A Wake, lethargick, Muse, no longer dream,
And tune your Organs to my warbling
Ye sacred Sisters, who the Lyre strung, ^{(Theme,}
When *Horace* and the lofty *Virgil* sung,
In sounding Numbers guide my artless Tongue,
In tuneful Strain, my every Thought employ,
To hail great *Warwick*, and to wish him Joy.

Propitious Heav'n, guard, and on him pour,
The choicest Blessings that you have in store,
May open-handed Fortune on him smile,
And add new Posts of Honour to his Stile.

Remember, Sir, your present solemn Call,
 Where *Britain's* Nobles hold their Tribunal;
 That Awful Court, where once a Cause being given,
 There's no Appeal but to the Court of Heav'n:
 Be always arm'd with Vigilance and Care
 'Gainst the Temptations of a golden Snare,
 May cursed Dross ne'er bias or controul,
 The rigid Honour of a Patriot's Soul:
 Contemn a pompous Villain, tho' he's Great,
 Who owes his Grandeur to his Country's Fate;
 Be *Britain's* Friend, assert, maintain her Glory,
 'Gainst the Republick Whig or slavish Tory.
 Your fragrant Name, Great Sir, shall then appear,
 Great as the Champion's whose great Stile you
 And *Warwick's* Name shall loftily be told, ^{(bear}
 As *Homer* sung the *Phrygian* Tale of old,
 Forgive my Muse, who thus presumes to greet,
 And drops its Tribute at your Lordship's Feet.

To a young Gentleman on his Marriage. 1720.

A Wake, my Muse, invoke the Powers divine,
 Implore Assistance from the sacred Nine;
 Let every Thought around *Parnassus* roam,
 And bring the richest of its Labour home;
 In tuneful Strain, and artful Words prepare,
 To hail the Bridegroom and his lovely Fair:

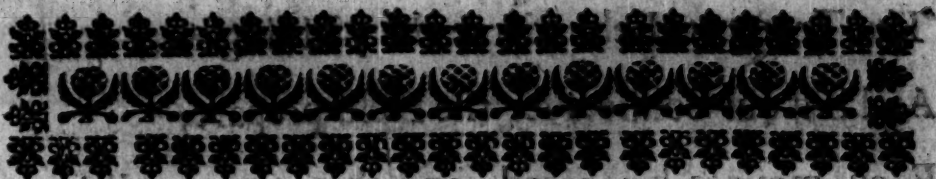
Thrice happy Youth, whose soft prevailing
 Has won the chaste, the virtuous, and the young, ^{(Tongue,}
 What Pen, or Tongue, or Thought can e'er reveal
 The boundless Raptures T—— then did feel,
 When charming She did to the Temple move,
 To seal the Union of eternal Love;

While

When Vows were plighted with the sacred Ring,
 And Angels seem'd your Bridal-Song to sing;
 While holy Troth was to each other given,
 Prompt by the Prelate, and approv'd by Heav'n.
 Thus *Hymen's* Priest your future Bliss compleats,
 And sign'd your Passport to the nuptial Sheets.

May all the Joys that bounteous Heav'n can send
 On you and on your lovely Spouse attend,
 May she and you in Love and Peace inherit
 That sweet Content your Virtues justly merit;
 And may kind Heaven grant you Health and Joy,
 A hundred Years, and every Year a Boy.
 May Life be one continu'd Round of Charms,
 Then die entangled in each others Arms.

THE



REVIEW:

A POEM.

Inscrib'd to his Grace the Duke of BOLTON,

A Wake, *Bellona*, aid my tow'ring Muse,
To sing of *Bolton* and his Royal Blues!
With vast Ideas freight my teeming Brain,
And guide my Numbers in Seraphick Strain,
To paint the Hero and his warlike Train.

The fable Curtain of the Dawn was furl'd,
The *Persian* God began to gild the World;

The

The Trumpets Echo pierce the yielding Air,
 And bid our Soldiers for the Field prepare,
 Each mounts his Steed, and thro' the wond'ring
 In awful Pomp our Squadrons mov'd along. ^{(Throng}

Amaz'd and pleas'd in a poetick Vein,
 Methinks I now am gazing on the Plain,
 Where loyal *Bolton's* splendid Ranks appear
 Bedeck'd in all the glorious Pride of War,
 In Troops as many as the Muses are.
 The martial Band in artful Order stood,
 With silent Pleasure, proud to be review'd.
 Each active Youth in warlike Plight was dress'd,
 And big Ambition glow'd in ev'ry Breast.
 Our glitt'ring Arms on distant Gazers shone,
 Augmenting Day-light to the burning Sun.
 The brazen Drums begirt with costly Coats,
 And Silver Clangors with their sprightly Notes,

The

The Royal Banners in the Wind unfold,
 And *Albion's* Arms appear'd emboss'd in Gold,
 Our worthy Chiftians made a gallant Row ;
 The choicest Glory of the martial Show
 Was noble *Bolton*, graceful to our Van,
 A God-like Standard of the Size of Man.
 The stately Beast our gallant Leader rid,
 Might vie with that which *Philip's* Son bestrid ;
 The pamper'd Prancer golden Trappings wore,
 And neighing boasted of the Weight he bore.

The lovely Nymphs around our Squadrons ride,
 And gaze at *Bolton* till they lose their Pride ;
 Bright *Sylvia* blushes, *Cloe's* Soul is caught,
 And *Phillis* hugs the Hero in her Thought,
 The gay Coquet, and coy imperious Prude,
 By gazing there were equally subdu'd,
 The melting Fair our comely Chief approve,
 'As fram'd by Nature both for War and Love.

G

But

But hark ! methinks our Trumpets breath their
 (Charms,
 The joyful Musick every Spirit warms.
 Each Beast approves the elevating Sound,
 And champs the foaming Bit, and Paws the Ground

Had mighty *Pompey* led such warlike Steeds,
 And such gigantick Youths as *Bolton* leads,
 Aspiring *Cæsar* ne'er had won the Day,
 And *Rome* ne'er stoop'd to his usurping Sway.

Be loud, my Muse, and let my warbling Tongue
 Applaud the Stock from whence our *Bolton* sprung,
 When Tyranny assum'd a frightful Form,
 And *Albion* quak'd at the impending Storm,
 Stern Oppression wore a gloomy Lur,
 And *Britain* cring'd at Arbitrary Power,
 Proud Superstition reassum'd its Reign,
 And Persecution held its scarlet Train.

Great

Great *Bolton's* Sires then did bravely stand,
 When mighty *Orange* sav'd the trembling Land,
 Such generous Blood does still in *Bolton* roll,
 And fills the Hero with a Patriot's Soul.
 Ah! cou'd my Muse to nobler Flights aspire,
 In artful Strain to guide the tuneful Lyre;
 My Numbers then should *Bolton's* Worth proclaim
 As loud as *Addison* on *Marlbro's* Fame.
 My feeble Muse must now the Task decline,
 And leave the Work to abler Pens than mine,





T H E
Cheshire C L U B.

Inscrib'd to that Society,

DE A R Sisters of the forky Hill,
 Refine my Thoughts, direct my Quill,
 And make my flowing Fancy now,
 Productive as our *Cheshire Cow* *.
 Forsake the petty Bard that sings
 Of War and Love, and trifling Things,
 And let the Offspring of my Scull
 Please like the Pitcher when 'tis full,
 Nor let my pregnant Numbers halt
 While I attempt the Praise of Malt,

* *A large Jug so call'd.*

Let

Let noble Ale by none be blam'd,
 For which our Isle has long been fam'd.
 'Twas this that did, and still occasions
 Our Name to found in foreign Nations,
 'Twas Ale our Courage did advance,
 When sprightly *Harry* conquer'd *France*.
 'Twas *English* Ale, in *Bess's* Reign
 That warm'd our Hearts upon the Main,
 And drove the *Spaniards* back to *Spain*.
 Our Wives of yore, so fam'd in Story,
 (Let's drink to their immortal Glory)
 When nappy Ale had warm'd their Brains,
 They cut the Throats of all the *Danes*.
 'Tis Ale invites us here to meet,
 And makes the *Cheshire* Club compleat.
 No Party-Champion here contends,
 But all are chearful, all are Friends.

Good

Good Fellowship does here prevail,
 A merry Catch or pleasant Tale,
 Honest Hearts and *Cheshire* Ale,
 'Tis noble Drink, no wonder then
 That *Cheshire* breeds the chief of Men,

Let Coffee Sots sleep o'er the News,
 And Bullies bluster in the Stews,
 Let roaring Rakes with Wine be fox'd,
 And Madam *Needham's* Culls be pox'd.
 Let Saints by B----ry be sham'd,
 And griping Misers all be damn'd;
 Let *Button's* Wits refine a Jest,
 We here are merry as the best.

May every Lad that's here enrol'd
 See fourscore Winters e'er he's old,
 And may our sound authentick Bub!
 Immortalize the *Cheshire* Club.

So shou'd you fail this Theatre to grace,
 Sudden Destruction soon confounds the Place,
 Ruin at once would riot thro' these Scenes,
 'Mong Fops and Clowns, and Heroes Kings and ^{Queens,}
 Our painted Cities, Groves and Skies wou'd fall,
 'Tis you, like Fate, can save or ruin all.

The mighty *Cæsar* must your Absence weep,
 And *Philip's* Son go Supperless to sleep.
 Your Looks alone are able to support,
 A dozen Monarchs and a starving Court :
 Than smile, ye fair ones, and maintain our Cause,
 And each shall strive to merit your Applause.

Altho' we boast no constant standing Stage,
 Heroick Worthies here shall rant and rage.*
 Tyrants and Traytors shew their dark Designs,
 While Virtue in its native Beauty shines,

On

On this small Tract whole Camps shall lie inclos'd,
 Pops, Knaves and Cowards shall be here expos'd;
 The tragick Nymph, with graceful painted Face,
 Shall strut and vapour in her Copper Lace,
 The ranting Hero roar in lofty Strain,
 And I may boast I did not plead in vain:



H

THE



THE
RELIGIOUS BATTLE.

The Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle

Is sung, but cut off in the middle.

Hud.

DE A R Sisters of *Princess Spring*,
Assist a merry Bard to sing :

Let nought that's dull my Senses muffle,

While I relate the comick Scuffle.

'Twas 'twixt a Quaker and a Vicar,

Who wrangled o'er a Cup of Liquor.

Full well we know the Church and Barrel,

Has been the Cause of many a Quarrel.

Go

Go on, my Muse, and now prepare,
To give each Chief his Character :

The Vicar had been bred at Schools,
And could dispute by Logic Rules ;
He lov'd the Church with all his Heart ;
And had to her drank many a Quart,
And wou'd contend with all his Might,
To vindicate his Mother's Right.

The other was a rigid Quaker,
And of that Sort, it seems, a Speaker,
A Stickler to support the Schism,
But nice and quaint at Syllogism,
In Rhetorick he was discerning !
Without the Help of human Learning :
For, tho' untaught, by inward Light
He cou'd dispute, and preach, and fight.
To speak his Name I've no great Mind to't,
Because I cannot find a Rhime to't.

(52)
Yet least my Verse should halt in Crambo,
For *Samuel* we'll call him *Sambo*.

Proceed, my Muse, without Digression,
And give at once a plain Relation ;
The Vicar wou'd have prov'd it base,
To separate in any case,
But *Sambo* loudly at him roar'd,
And scarce would let him speak a Word ;
Said Prelacy and Ordination
Were things of Mortals own Creation,
He call'd all Priest-craft Superstition,
He'd prove they taught without Commission,
That Coblers had as good a Right,
To manifest the Gospel Light.
Old Women, by the Spirit's Motions,
Might propagate religious Notions.
And had as just and firm a Call,
As e'er a Bishop of them all.

At

At this the Parson's Choler rose,
And he pluck'd *Sambo* by the Nose,
Who strait return'd the Twinge with Blows.
Both quit their Seats, and both Harangues
At once are chang'd to Knoeks and Bangs:
The Priest, tho' weakest of the two,
Like Lightning at the Quaker flew.
The Fight continu'd for a Minute,
So doubtful, none knew which would win it:
While *Sambo* fought he shut his Eyes,
The Light within him might suffice,
And for his Hands he did not bend 'em,
But dealt his sturdy Slaps at random.
He struck the Priest a Knock of the Coffer,
Which put him in an humble Posture.
Sambo slaps him now he's down,
And thinks the Battle all his own;
But here a Counter-turn is shown.

As

As *Widrington* in doleful Dumps
 Was said to fight upon his Stumps,
 So fought the Vicar on his Knees
 (Stumps you may call 'em, if you please)
 Resolv'd the Church should take no Wrong,
 While he could wag a Fist or Tongue,
 The Gown-man scrambled up again,
 And run and seiz'd upon his Cane,
 And then like Fury ran at *Sambo*,
 And struck him o'er the Pate a damn'd Blow,
 Passion made the Priest so wicked,
 He brought the Blood from *Sambo's* thick Head.
 The trickling Gore confus'd the Saint,
 He look'd agast, had like to faint,
 And now the Skirmish seem'd to cease,
 And both inclin'd to wish for Peace,
 They calmly both began to parley,
 And seem'd inclin'd to argue fairly.

But

But *Sambo* could not long be quiet,
 Prelacy he still wou'd fly at :
 He talk'd as he had done before,
 And rav'd against the scarlet Whore.
 The Parson smil'd, and shook his Head,
 And thus to *Sambo* mildly said,
 Fellow, give thy Nonsense o'er,
 For I'll dispute with thee no more,
 You argue without Reason's Force,
 And will assume the whole Discourse;
 Pray, who the Devil would debate
 With stupid Ass so obstinate?
 Then took his Pipe, and held his Tongue,
 But *Sambo's* Voice more loudly rung.
 Fill'd with the Spirit, and with Ale,
 He now begins to foam and rail,
 Opprobiously he did him call,
 Base Hireling, and Son of *Baal*:

Thus

Thus the Fool did gabble on,
 And cry'd, thou Spawn of *Babylon*;
 Tho' drest in Black, the captious Varlet
 Wou'd prove he was the Whore in Scarlet;
 The Parson frown'd, and call'd him Sot,
 And at him threw both Ale and Pot,
 And now again the Storm is high,
 And both wou'd at each other fly.
 A certain Sign of bloody Brows,
 The quaking Ass pull'd off his Cloaths;
 The Parson's Gown aside is lain,
 And both prepare to fight again:
 But e'er the Battle was begun,
 My self and others 'twixt 'em run,
 And so the Combatants divided.
 The Truth and Battle undecided.

ON THE
Birth Day of his Royal
Highness FREDERICK Prince of
WALES, &c.

AMIDIST the Jo's of the loyal throng,
Accept great Sir, an humble Soldier's Song,
Nor let my Verse Offend your Royal Ear,
Tho' harsh my Numbers yet my Soul's sincere,
Permit my Pen it's Duty here to Pay,
To bid you Joy and hail your natal Day.

LET Albions Sons their Chearful hand Employ,
Erecting flaming Pyramids of Joy,
Let blazing tapers all our streets Illume,
And Sparkling Nectar flow in every Room,
Let Blooming *Fredrick* be our Evenings boast,
And every *Briton* venerate the toast.

B E loud my muse Retune your sounding Eyre,
To tell the Son the wonders of the Sire,
Let Arbitrary Monarchs here resort
And View the Glories of *Britannia's* court,

Here may they Envy, Emulare, Esteem,
And learn to Rule by sacred GEORGE's scheme?
Observe! his Britons Zealous to maintain,
Their Masters title Lord of all the main,
See! how the Joyful People Gladly bring,
Their Voluntary Tribute to the King,
Mark! how the Monarch does the Subject Please,
And learn to Govern Yours with Arts like these,
View well the Godlike George; and who would be
A King o're Slaves, that this might rule the free,
'Tis not the Golden Scepter and the Globe,
The spark'ling Diadem and Ermin'd Robe,
External gew gaws which too often shroud,
The Pompous Idol of a Servile Croud.
These happy Realms her Monarchs worth can sing,
Beyond the Gilded Pageantry of King.

THE subjects welfare Properties and Peace,
The Kingdoms Glory and our Trades encrease,
The Liberal Schools are Royal George's care,
And merit always stands Rewarded there,
The Church in all her sacred rites maintain'd,
While ugly spightfull Persecution's Chain'd.

Con.

Contending Factions which have heretofore,
With Savage fury did our Plains in gore,
Are Calm and Pleas'd and vex the Realms no more
Fair Liberty does smiling Ceres meet,
And Justice Triumphs on the Judgement seat.

How Bounteous Heaven justly has bestow'd,
Its choicest blessings on a Prince so good,
See! what an offspring does his House adorn,
Confirming safely to a Race unborn,
On every hand behold a lovely Son,
The great supporters of the Fathers throne,
And Royal Virgins, which will hence be sent
To bless the Nations on the Continent.

Behold! a Queen adorn'd with every Grace,
The sacred fountain of so blest a Race,
The Joy and darling of our Hearts and Eyes,
Meek, Pious, Just and affable and Wise,
Whose Royal hand with an Extensive store,
At once Surprize's and relieves the Poor,
While every Pious Prayer by her Prefer'd,
By awful Heaven Graceously is heard,

Who stops it's Vengeance on our Sin to take,
And spares the Land for Carle's sake.

SO Lovely Ester in a Pious Rage,
With fervent Prayer did heavens King Engage,
To save the Hebrews in Confus'd distress

She Prostrate fell before the throne of Grace,
Then humbly Rose and ventur'd the Success,
Nor failed to Urge her great Important suit,
Before a Prince so stern and Absolute,
But big with hope approach'd the regal Room,
And sav'd her People from the hideous Doom,
But cease, my Muse with thy too feeble Rays,
Nor dare to sketch great Caroline's Praise,
Whose boundless Virtues only thou'd be sung
With Hallow'd Numbers, and an Angels Tongue.

Hail Royal Youth, the blest apparent Hair,
Of such a Gracious and illustrious Pair,
Pleas'd Britain now surveys its Prince endow'd
With every Grace, inherent to his Blood.

What wrangling Nations can Britannia dread,
Walk'd with our Ships and mighty George our Head,

The Ruthless Monarchs who delight in Jarts,
 Loath to be quiet, yet afraid of Wars,
 Tho' Foes to Peace, unwillingly submit,
 Aw'd by the Thunder of your Fathers Fleet.
 Whose bloated Sails Tremendiously expand,
 And fright the trembling gazers on the Strand,
 Their humble Ships let loose the Hallyard Cord,
 And bow Obsequious to the Occans Lord.

Exulting Thoughts my glowing fancy warms,
 Methinks I view our sprightly Prince in Arms.
 His Highness seems the Glitt'ring Sword to wield,
 'Like active *George* in *Andenarda's* Field,
 His Laurel'd Plumes, Triumphant do appear;
 And give a Luster to the Pomp of War,
 So may it prove if too Contentious *Spai*
 Provokes the *Britons* to the Hostile Plain.
 My faithful Arm, and zealus Sword shall then,
 Atone for Errours of my artless Pen.

F I N I S.

And how Obnoxious to the Ocean's Lord.
Their humble Ships let loose the Hallyard Cord,
And fright the trembling gazers on the Strand,
Whole blasted Sails Tremendiously expand,
And by the Thunder of your Fathers Fleet,
The Foes to Peace, unwillingly submit,
Each to be quiet, yet afraid of Wars,
And Riches Monarchs who delight in Jars,

Exulting Thoughts my glowing fancy warms,
Methinks I view our bright Prince in Arms,
His Highness seems the Glittering Sword to wield,

Like active George's Field,
His Laurel'd Plumes, and Phœnix do appear,
And give a Lustre to the Pomp of War,

So may it prove if too Contentious Spear
Provokes the Braver to the Hostile Plain.
My faithful Arm, and zealous Sword shall then
Atone for Errors of my article Pen.

FINIS

